

Misc

Women's Baptist Home Miss. Soc.

1680

# MISSIONARY ARROWS

FOR OUR

## → JUNIORS ←



WOMAN'S BAPTIST HOME MISSION  
SOCIETY





## THE HEATHEN CHILD'S APPEAL.

WE gaze upon the beauteous earth,  
With its trees and flowers fair;  
We hear the gushing of its streams;  
And we breathe its balmy air.

We gaze upon the wondrous sky,  
With its many stars and bright;  
We see the glorious sun by day,  
And the silvery moon by night.

But ever our lives are mournful,  
And ever we fear to die;  
For wicked are we and guilty,  
And our souls in darkness lie.

We sigh for light, and peace, and hope,  
But ever we sigh in vain,—  
Our gods of wood and stone are made,  
And they never heed our pain.

We have heard of a land afar,  
Beyond the billowy seas,  
Where one, true, living God is known,  
From whose presence darkness flees.

We have heard of a precious Word  
He has given to children there,  
Richer by far than ruby bright,  
Or jewels that princes wear.

We have heard that it speaks of a Friend,  
Almighty to save from woe;  
And a home of bliss beyond the grave,  
Where all that love Him shall go.

Would we were there, in that blest land  
If so that Friend we might find,—  
Or would He were here, with pity deep,  
And a heart so vast kind!

Oh, will not the happy children there,  
The leaves for our healing send,  
That we their holy God may know,  
And their Saviour make our Friend?

Before we come to our dying day,  
Will truth on our spirits shine?  
Or will they let us in ruin sink,  
With no news of life divine?

—*The Standard.*

## ONE OF OUR "LOST DAYS."

The early sun was stretching golden fingers  
o'er the hill,  
When I 'roused me, in a hurry, midst the  
household yet so still.  
This to be a day of business, and so much  
I meant to do;  
Meant to reap the hours full laden, so  
should sunset find me thro'.  
And I hastened to my dressing, with a glad  
and thankful heart.  
I do love to be a-stirring, and the house-  
hold is my part.  
Now the breakfast, then the dishes, now  
my sewing here at last,  
And my fingers worked most quickly, and  
the seams were joining fast.  
There's a knock! "Oh, dear me,—children,  
—wonder what they want to do."  
"Howdy, Mrs. Tracy; thought we'd come  
and play awhile with you.  
Know you ain't got any childrens that you  
call your very own,  
And I know you must get tired out, trying  
to play here all alone.  
"Where's those blocks you said you'd give  
us? Said you kept 'em in a shed;  
And I believe we'd like to see if we can  
make a dolly's bed.  
Yes, we brought our dollies with us, for  
you see our brother's sick,  
And our mamma's tired out 'bout him;  
says we worry little Dick.  
"Thought we'd stay a week, or maybe year  
or two, if you don't care.  
Mamma's 'fraid we'd be a bover; told her  
I'd curl sister's hair."  
Hats were off, and cloaks were tossing right  
and left with rubbers, too,  
And my guests were gravely seated by my  
side as Nell got thro'.  
So my blocks were quickly gathered from  
the chip box in the shed;  
Soon with laughter they were trying hard  
to make a trundle bed.  
Then my thought,—Oh! all that sewing,  
and the box which must be packed  
For the Indians, that same evening, and so  
many things it lacked.  
"Mrs. Tracy," here said Katie, "won't you  
please come help us now?  
I did think 't would be so easy; but I guess  
we don't know how."

"Mamma thinks I'm quite a helper," little  
Nell then quickly said,  
"But perhaps she didn't mention making  
dolly's trundle bed."  
"Tell a story while you fix it, won't you,  
Mrs. Tracy, dear?"  
And with thoughts full of our Indians, I  
could think of nothing near.  
"Did you notice I was sewing as you came  
in at the door?  
I will tell you now a story you have never  
heard before.  
"Way off in the western country, where  
there's plenty snow and ice,  
There are many Indian children, who have  
nothing new or nice.  
They just wore some skins and blankets;  
did not know the Saviour's name  
Till some good and wise man told them,  
and some help from missions came."  
Then I told them more about it; how the  
Bible now was sent;  
How some noble men and women all their  
time and money lent;  
And that I was busy sewing, so that we  
could send them aid;  
Then with many earnest glances scanned  
the face of each wee maid.  
"Let us help you, Mrs. Tracy; 'deed we'll  
help you; let us try.  
I would love to help them Injuns, p'r'aps  
I'll teach 'em by and by."  
So all day they bothered, hindered, and  
my patience melted quite.  
Oh! they were such restless children; never  
let me out of sight.  
And I had to tell them over all I could  
about it all,  
And if I left out an item, for that scrap  
they'd surely call.  
Well, the years have passed, and swift, too;  
I'd forgotten all that day.  
Till, just now, I had a letter written "on  
the 'Frisco Bay."  
"Mrs. Tracy, my dear teacher, I will tell  
you now my aim.  
I am going to the Indians, and a mission  
there I claim.  
Do you now remember, dimly, I so clearly,  
years ago,  
When we came, both Nell and Katie,  
spent the day and helped you sew?"

"How you told us of the Indians in our country without light?

Oh! I dreamed, and planned about them many a day and even night;  
And the wish grew up within me, by your words so strong and true,  
But I only told to mother, never even told to you.

"Now I go that I may teach them all the good news that I can,  
And I see 't was all your kindness, you so loving told your plan.  
Help us by your prayers, dear teacher, and go the Word to tell,  
And be sure you're ne'er forgotten by the girl you knew as Nell."

Can it be that tiny seed, sown in such careless, faithless way,  
Has been growing all these seasons, shines as golden fruit to-day!  
"Ye of little faith,"—how truly could that now be said of me,  
When I never even prayed that of that seed some fruit might be!

Adapted:

L. P.

#### JAPANESE BABIES.

A little bird sings from over the sea,—  
"I've been to a land that pleases me.  
'Tis a fabulous land, where babies don't cry  
From the time they are born till the time they die."

You queer little baby way over the sea,  
Tell us, O tell us, how can it be?  
Aren't Japanese baby clothes ever too tight?

Don't Japanese babies wake up in the night?

Do Japanese teeth come through without pain?

Or Japanese children tease babies in vain?  
Don't Japanese pins have points that prick?  
Won't Japanese colic make little folks sick?

You queer little baby, if secret there be,  
Send it, O send it, way over the sea!  
There is no such secret. Far off in Japan  
Some babies can cry, and they'll prove that they can!

#### WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Now, if you should visit a Japanese home,  
Where there isn't a sofa or chair,  
And your hostess should say, "Take a seat, sir, I pray,"

Now, where would you sit? Tell me where.

And should they persuade you to stay there and dine,

Where knives, forks and spoons are unknown

Do you think you could eat with chopsticks of wood?

And how might you pick up a bone?

And then, should they take you a Japanese drive,

In a neat little "rickshaw" of blue,  
And you found, in Japan, that your horse was a man,

Now what do you think you would do?

—*Independent.*

#### THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The little children in Japan  
Are fearfully polite;  
They always thank their bread and milk  
Before they take a bite,  
And say, "You make us most content,  
Oh honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan  
Wear mittens on their feet;  
They have no proper hats to go  
A-walking on the street;  
And wooden stilts for overshoes  
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan  
With toys of paper play,  
And carry paper parasols  
To keep the rain away;  
And, when you go to see, you'll find  
Its paper walls they live behind.

—*Selected.*

#### THE HEATHEN CHILD'S PLEA.

Oh, children from over the ocean,  
Send us a token of love;  
Tell us of Him, the Saviour,  
That lives in the heaven above.

For our Buddha is deaf to wailing,  
 Our Buddha is blind to tears.  
 We seek Him forever and ever,  
 For days and months and years.  
 They say you have a God  
 That is never blind to a tear;  
 And they say when you pray an earnest  
 prayer  
 He is always sure to hear.  
 Oh, show us the celestial road  
 That leads to the heaven above,  
 That we may see the Father's face,  
 That we may test His love.  
 And that we in the judgment day of life  
 May stand at His right hand  
 And hear Him say, "Well done, my child,"  
 Abide in the heavenly land.  
 And then He would give us a crown,  
 A crown of purest gold;  
 But now we abide in the darkest night,  
 Oh, why should we not be told?

Oh, send us, dear children, a token of love  
 That we may know of Him too,  
 And trust in His pure and redeeming  
 blood,  
 And try His works to do.

—E. MARIANNE IHDE, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

#### KO THAH-BYU.

##### THE FIRST KAREN CONVERT.

MRS. MARY J. ROBINSON.

He was only a dark-browed heathen lad,  
 Of the wandering, wild Karens,  
 Fierce in temper, and strong in will,  
 Like beasts of his native glens.  
 His hands were sullied with human blood,  
 And only evil he knew;  
 Could grace enlighten that darkened life,  
 And fashion that heart anew?  
 Yes! He who seeth, as no man sees,  
 The gleam of the precious ore  
 In the earthy mass, or the hidden pearl  
 In the sand of the ocean's floor,  
 Could choose and polish this refuse gem,  
 To shine with His jewels rare;  
 Could cleanse and chasten this human soul,  
 And render it passing fair.  
 So purified would a leper rise  
 From the Savior's healing touch,  
 And to whom so much had been forgiven,  
 He also loved much.

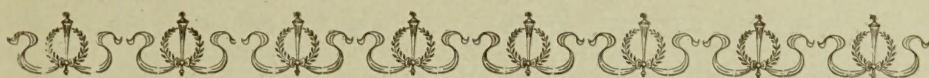
Then who so well, on his native hills,  
 Could the joyful message bear?  
 Strong in courage, and warm in heart,  
 Ready to do and to dare.  
 No mountain side was too steep to climb,  
 No river too swift to cross;  
 Labor for Christ he counted gain,  
 And earthly treasures dross,  
 Pressing on to the regions beyond,  
 To herald the Gospel day;  
 As a voice of old in the desert cried:  
 "Prepare ye the King's highway."  
 And still is the message onward borne,  
 In the land he loved so well,  
 But all of the fruits of his early toil  
 Only the Lord can tell;  
 All the number of deathless souls,  
 Passing our mortal ken,  
 Only Eternity's record can show,  
 Redeemed through the wild Karen.

—Selected.

#### "COME OVER AND HELP US."

O children of Christians, beyond the blue  
 sea  
 Your poor little brothers and sisters are we;  
 'T is not much affection or pity we find,  
 But we hear you are loving, and gentle,  
 and kind,  
 So will you not listen a minute or two,  
 While we tell you a tale that is all of it  
 true?  
 There's no one to teach us poor children to  
 read;  
 There's no one to help us, and no one to  
 lead;  
 There's no one at all who will tell us the  
 way  
 To be happy or safe, or teach us to pray;  
 To the bright place above us, we all want  
 to go,  
 But we cannot—for how to get there we  
 don't know.  
 Oh, will you not help us, and send us a ray  
 Of the light of the gospel, to brighten our  
 way?  
 Oh, will you not tell us the beautiful story  
 Of Jesus, who came from his dwelling of  
 glory  
 To save little children, and not only you,  
 But even the poor wretched heathen ones  
 too?

—Revised from Frances R. Havergal.



## POEMS ON GIVING.

### ONLY A PENNY.

"Only a penny," I heard them say,  
A penny for Jesus, if given each day,  
Would send the gospel to every soul  
Now sitting in darkness, from pole to pole.  
Only a penny from every one  
Who bears the name of God's own Son.

Only a penny! How small a sum,  
By the side of the millions that go for rum  
To ruin the bodies and souls of men.  
Or the millions that end in smoke—and  
then,

Of a penny apiece from every one  
Who is saved by the death of God's own  
Son!

Only a penny and nothing more;  
A penny for Jesus, from out our store,  
When each freely spends upon himself,  
For many a trifle, the precious pelf.  
Only a penny for every one  
Who loves and trusts in God's own Son.

Only a penny from young and old,  
From the little lamb; within the fold;  
From orphans and widowed ones, who  
share,  
With all God's poor, in the Shepherd's  
care.

Only a penny from every one  
Who prays in the name of God's own Son.

Only a penny to show our love  
To Him who left His home above  
For this very work; and whose last com-  
mand  
Left this mission for Christians in every  
land.

Only a penny for every one  
To send the gospel of God's own Son.

Only a penny; but day by day,  
As the days and weeks and years fly away.  
Oh, so joyfully dropping it in the "bank,"  
And never forgetting Him to thank  
Who gave us our pennies, every one,  
With all other gifts, through His own  
dear Son.

—*Maria A. West.*

### PENNIES MAKE DOLLARS.

We bring the bright pennies,—  
They're little, we know;  
But love going with them,  
To dollars they'll grow.

As much as this, surely,  
We children can see:  
If there were no pennies,  
No dollars there'd be.

—*Mission Band Hymnal.*

### PENNIES OR PROMISES.

"If I had heaps of yellow corn  
And fields of waving wheat,  
I'd quickly send a cargo where  
They've not enough to eat.  
I'd load a ship myself, alone,  
With grain of every kind,  
And make my harvest offering  
The best that I could find.  
Or if I had just money, why,  
That, too, would do much good,  
For it should go to India  
To buy the children food."

'Twas little Rob who said these words,  
So generous and so bold.  
What he would do when he was rich,  
He very often told.  
But oh! this same dear little boy,  
When dimes he had to spend,  
Bought something for himself alone—  
Had none to give or lend.  
But I think that if Rob expects  
To be a generous man,  
He'd better practice when he's small,  
By giving what he can.

—*L. A. S. in Children's Miss'y Friend.*

### A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny, worn and old,  
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;  
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,  
Sent to the heathen in our land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought  
A little less candy just for one day;  
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,  
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift  
wings,

It carried the message by Jesus sent;  
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant  
light

Wherever the prayer and the message  
went.

And who can tell the joy it brought  
To the souls of the heathen far away,  
When darkness fled, like wavering mists,  
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel  
day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came  
To the little child, when Christ looked  
down?

Or how the penny, worn and old,  
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

—*Selected.*

#### HOW TO SPEND A PENNY.

BY MRS. J. H. CHAPMAN.

My grandma gave me a penny,  
So pretty, and bright, and new,  
And she said, "Go and spend it, darling,  
Just as you wish to do."

You know it's strange about grandmas,  
They are always so rich and so kind;  
They will give you pennies and pennies,  
And never seem to mind.

If you ask your mamma for a penny,  
She will hold up her hands this way,  
And say, "My dear! I'm not made of  
pennies,  
You had one yesterday."

But grandma will give you plenty,  
And tell you to spend them, too,  
And that is what puzzles me just now,  
I don't know what to do.

Of the things you can buy for a penny  
I do not need any at all.

I have got a new hat for my dolly,  
Some Jacks and a bouncing ball.

And I musn't spend it for candy,  
For the last one went that way,  
And it spoiled my dinner and supper;  
I didn't want either all day.

And when I am feeling very sick,  
And don't want to eat a bit,  
We are sure to have lovely cake for tea,  
With frosting all over it.

But I have been thinking and thinking,  
Since I went to the Mission Band,  
Of the poor little heathen children  
In this so-called Christian land.

They never have beautiful playthings,  
And when their hearts are sad  
They do not know of the Savior,  
Whose love could make them glad.

And they tell me that one little penny,  
To a missionary given,  
Would pay for printing the story  
That shows them the way to heaven.

So I'll send you, dear, bright treasure,  
Through our own little Mission Band,  
For some poor little sister  
In this our own dear land.

And, perhaps, in that bright hereafter,  
Some little girl will say,  
"I learned of the love of Jesus  
Through the penny you gave that day."

—*The Standard.*

#### THE FRUIT OF LOVE.

Children, you who know the Saviour,  
Does the story of his love  
Ever thrill your soul with gladness  
Or your hearts to sorrow move?

Do you think of him in glory,  
Where your faintest prayer he hears,  
On the child with favor looking,  
Who his name both loves and fears.

Would you send abroad the story  
Of this great Redeemer's grace,  
Poor benighted heathen telling  
That e'en they may seek his face?

Children bend the knee to idols  
In those far-off heathen lands,  
Gifts they bear unto their temples,  
Earned by labor of their hands.

Not of that which costs you nothing  
Let *your* ready offerings be:  
*Work* for Jesus, cheerful working,  
With an *earnest will* and free.

Tho' your gift may seem but trifling  
In the haughty worldling's eyes,  
Christ, your Lord, will smile approval,  
He the proof of love will prize.

Or some cherished self-indulgence,  
 Can you not resign for Him  
 Who on earth once toiled and suffered  
 You to save from death and sin?  
 As you come, your offerings bringing,  
 To the dear Redeemer's feet,  
 That to share his work he gives you,  
 Loud and heartfelt praise repeat.  
 And let prayer, sincere and earnest,  
 Rise to heaven on wings of love,  
 That on heathen lands his spirit  
 May come freely from above.  
 —*Youth's Dayspring.*

### TRUE LIVING.

"A little maid in a pale blue hood,  
 In front of a large brick building stood.  
 As she passed along her quick eye spied  
 Some words on a letter box inscribed:  
 'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule  
 Outside the door of the charity school.  
 "Remember the poor," were the words she  
 spelled,  
 Then looked at the dime her small hand  
 held;  
 For chocolate creams were fresh that day  
 In the store just only across the way.  
 But gleams of victory shone o'er her face  
 As she raised her eye to the money place.  
 But her arm was short and the box so high  
 That a gentleman heard, who was passing  
 by,  
 "Please, sir, will you lift me just so  
 much?"  
 For the tiny fingers could almost touch.  
 The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood  
 By the sweet-faced child in the pale-blue  
 hood.  
 As he lifted her, she gently said,  
 "Would you mind, sir, if you turned your  
 head?  
 For you know I do not want to be  
 Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee."  
 He humored the little maid, but a smile  
 Played o'er his face as he stood there the  
 while.  
 "Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"  
 The gentleman asked, in a courteous way,  
 As he took in his the wee, white hand;  
 "I believe I did not quite understand."  
 "Oh, sir, don't you know? Have you never  
 read,"  
 Said the child amazed, "what our Saviour  
 said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite  
 men,  
 Who stood in the market places then.  
 And gave their alms just for the folks to  
 tell,  
 Because they loved to be praised so well;  
 But give for Christ's sake from our little  
 store,  
 What only He sees, and nobody more."

—*Selected.*

### ONCE THERE WAS.

[FOR A VERY LITTLE BOY AND GIRL.]

BOY.

Once there was a little boy; and what do  
 you think he had?

GIRL.

A bright new ten-cent scrip, and I tell you  
 he was glad.

BOY.

Once there was a little scrip; and where  
 did it find itself?

GIRL.

Dropped in the mission-fund in the bank  
 on the parlor shelf.

BOY.

Once there was a mission-fund; and where  
 do you think it went?

GIRL.

To buy some nice new books to be to the  
 heathen sent.

BOY.

Once there was a little book that was  
 bought with the bright new scrip;

GIRL.

That went to a mission-school in a box in  
 the mission ship.

BOY.

Once there was a heathen child; and what  
 do you think said he?

GIRL.

"I thank the boy who gave his scrip to buy  
 a book for me."

BOY.

Once there was a little boy; I wish it had  
 been myself.

GIRL.

Then put your scrip in the mission-fund in  
 the bank on the parlor shelf.

—*Selected.*

### SONG OF THE MITE-BOXES.

Hither, thither, through the land,  
Dear little boxes flying,  
Gather mites from many a hand,  
To help the heathen dying.  
Slowly, surely, gathering so,  
Treasure for the Master;  
Hear them whisper as they go:  
"Send the message faster!"  
Hither, thither, here and there,  
Helping tell the story;  
Dear little boxes everywhere  
Bringing souls to glory.

—Selected

### THE LITTLE WIDOWS.

BY G. F. WOODBURY.

There's a little girl over in India,  
No bigger nor older than I,  
Who never laughs nor smiles at all;  
I'm sure you wonder why.  
I just can't understand it myself,  
How such a thing could be;  
For little girls, all over the world,  
Should be happy, it seems to me.  
I think God wants us to laugh and smile  
(At proper times, you know),  
For he made the beautiful sun to smile  
On this beautiful world below.  
But this little girl, no bigger than I,  
So sad, across the sea,  
Is a widow already,—'tis true, they say,—  
How strange it seems to me!  
I can't understand it myself at all.  
A widow's an outcast, they say;  
No home, no friends, and no one to love,  
Just hated and in the way.  
She didn't choose to be widow, or wife,  
Or betrothed, our dear teacher said,  
But a widow's a widow indeed, over there,  
If husband or lover is dead.  
This little girl, no bigger than I,  
Is not alone in her grief;  
For twenty millions like her wait to die,  
As their only hope of relief.  
Unloved, unloving, they pine in their pain,  
No hope when they go to their grave;  
So strange, don't you think? that this  
can be,  
Since Jesus has died to save!

But the beautiful story of Jesus' love,  
They're just beginning to tell  
In India's darkened, sin-blighted land,  
Where the little widows dwell.  
I sometimes wonder, tho' I'm very small,  
If, perhaps, in a long, long while,  
God will want me to go and try to help  
The little widows to smile.

### THE LAMENT OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

Forgotten and forlorn I live,  
Upon a dusty shelf.  
And feel so downcast and so sad  
I hardly know myself;  
A missionary box am I  
And better days have seen,  
For copper, silver, yes, and gold,  
Within my walls have been.  
Now I am empty, no, not quite,  
For something you may hear—  
A mournful jingle from my depths  
By pennies made, I fear;  
I scorn not pennies, no, indeed,  
Their worth too well I know,  
But twopence only in a box  
Does make one's spirits low.  
The missionaries say indeed  
That pence to pounds soon grow,  
But older people ought to give—  
We want our money so.  
And thus, in emptiness I wait  
And dustier grow each day,  
While heedless of my silent plea  
You round me work and play.  
My words are weak and poor at best,  
I know not how to plead,  
But look upon the distant fields  
"To harvests white," indeed;  
The heathen be in thickest gloom.  
Do you need a stronger plea?  
Then listen to his voice who said—  
"Ye did it unto me."  
The smallest offerings for His sake  
Into the treasury given,  
He with an eye of love will note  
And own one day in heaven;  
And even here you'll have his smile  
While you the words believe  
That far "more blessed" 'tis to give  
Than only "to receive."

—The Juvenile.

## TWO OFFERINGS.

I didn't think I could do it  
When first he told me to,  
For I love my precious dolly,  
And she is almost new.  
But dear me! Uncle Joe knows how  
To talk until you feel  
As if you'd give your money, and  
A part of every meal.  
He knows about the Jews, you see,  
And how they brought the Lord  
The first and best of all their fruits  
According to His word.  
That must have been so beautiful—  
Those harvest-offerings!  
Well, Uncle Joe he talked until  
I brought him all my things,  
To see which I would send away,  
To the Chinese, in the box.  
And *he* said *my best doll*;—blue eyed,  
Red-cheeked, with curling locks.  
I said: "Do you give what you like,  
The very bestest best?  
And do you 'make a sacrifice'  
As you tell all the rest?"  
And he said, yes, he always gave  
To help along the cause,  
But as he had no fields or fruits  
He couldn't keep Jewish laws.  
Now, Uncle Joe is very good,  
But he does love cigars!  
He smokes on the piazza till  
He almost hides the stars.  
So then I said: "If you'll give up  
Cigars and pipes and all,  
And give the money to the Lord,  
Why, then, I'll send my doll!"  
Then Uncle Joe looked sober, for  
You see he loved them so.  
I said, "Oh, now you see what 't is  
To let my dolly go!"  
I thought he would not do it,  
But by and by he said:  
"I think you're right. I'll drop cigars  
And give their cost instead!"  
So now my dolly's going,  
And Uncle Joe—just hear!—  
Will give 'most seventy dollars  
To missions every year!  
And mamma says she's very glad  
About the way I spoke,  
Since Uncle Joe has offered up  
His sacrifice of smoke! —L. A. S.

## A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.  
Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give.  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live.  
God loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small.  
What doth He think of His children  
When they never give at all.

*Little Worker.*

## MISSIONARY PENNIES.

Little children, bring your penny,  
Every Mission day,  
Do not say you have not any,  
Do not keep away.  
Many littles make a many;  
Don't forget to bring your penny.  
Teachers and you older scholars  
Seems a penny small?  
Then just tumble in the dollars!  
We will take them all.  
If of these you haven't any,  
Don't forget to bring your penny.  
If you knew the heathen's trouble,  
And their life so sad,  
Then I guess you'd put in double,  
Put in half you had.  
If you truly love them any,  
Don't forget to bring your penny.

## THE FORTUNE.

### A TRUE INCIDENT.

Ten new bright pennies! What lots of fun.  
What shall I do with them, every one?  
One I borrowed from Dorothy Lee,  
And one for c'lection on Sunday must be.  
One for baby to buy a balloon,  
One for the monkey that plays a tune,  
And five for violets sweet and blue  
For the mother dear when she walks with  
you.  
There's just one left; now what shall I do  
With this last penny? Now what would  
you?  
"Why, yes, of course," said my laddie  
bright,  
"I'll give it to Jesus to send his light."

"But, dear," I said, "you have done your part;  
Your tenth was given with all your heart;  
You gave your first one to him; indeed  
This can be used for yourself and your need."

"I know—but that one belonged, you see,  
To s'pport the gospel right here for me,  
But this'n—well, this'n a present will be  
Just because I love him, and he loves me."  
—*L. W. Cornegys in Over Sea and Land.*

#### ALL LIZZIE KNOWS.

I am a very little thing,  
As you can plainly see;  
But then, I know who came to bring  
God's gift of love to me.

When I am well, I know who makes  
My life so fair and bright;  
When I am sick, I know who takes  
Care of me, day and night.

And when I die, I know whose hand  
Will lead my soul away,  
Through Death's dark valley, to the  
land

Where it is always day.

Just such dear little girls as I  
Live o'er the ocean wave:  
They do not know who came to die  
A sinful world to save.

Poor little heathen! Friends, I pray  
That you will quickly go,  
Or send somebody, right away,  
To tell them—all I know.

—*Selected.*

#### THE SILVER PLATE.

They passed it along from pew to pew,  
And gathered the coins, now fast, now  
few,

That rattled upon it; and every time  
Some eager fingers would drop a dime  
On the silver plate, with a silver sound.

A boy who sat in the aisle looked round  
With a wistful face: "O, if only he  
Had a dime to offer how glad he'd be!"

He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare  
To hope he should find a penny there.

He had listened with wide-set earnest eyes  
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,  
Had spoken of children all abroad

The world who had never heard of God—

Poor, pitiful pagans who didn't know,  
When they came to die, where their  
souls would go;  
And who shrieked with fear when their  
mothers made

Them kneel to an idol god, afraid  
He might eat them up, so fierce and wild  
And horrid he seemed to the frightened  
child.

And the more the minister talked the more  
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;  
And the nearer to him the silver plate  
Kept coming the harder seemed his fate.  
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed).

To give that the heathen might hear of  
Christ.

As they offered the piled-up plate to him  
He blushed and his eyes began to swim.  
Then, bravely turning, as if he knew  
There was nothing better that he could  
do,

He spoke in a voice that held a tear,  
"Put the plate on the bench beside me  
here;"

And the plate was placed, for they thought  
he meant

To empty his pockets of every cent.

But he stood straight up, and he softly put  
Right square in the midst of the plate  
his foot,

And said with a sob, controlled before,  
"I will give myself; I have nothing  
more."

—*Margaret J. Preston*

#### THE MISSIONARY BOX.

This little mite box in my hand  
Is empty as it can be;  
It makes no noise at all,  
Though I shake it hard, you see.

I wish it were full—don't you?—  
Of pennies and quarters and dimes;  
But wishing won't make it full—  
I've tried it so many times.

Just think how much good it would do,  
If this little box were full!  
How many Mexican children  
Might be sent to our little school.

It makes me 'most ready to cry  
When I hear the stories they tell  
Of these children who don't know at all  
Of Jesus, who loves them so well.

I wish I could help them some way.  
 Now, listen, I've thought of a plan,  
 I'm going to earn some pennies,  
 And save them, as fast as I can.  
 If I save all of my pennies,  
 I'll get a box full, I believe;  
 For you know it was said by the Saviour,  
 " 'T is better to give than receive."

—*Adapted.*

# A LITTLE MAN WITH A LITTLE HAT.

I know I am a little man,  
 But I have ears as quick as any  
 To catch my teacher's lovely plan  
 To draw from you each little penny.  
 For though I have so small a hat,  
 And you have gifts so very large,  
 "A man's a man for a' that."  
 And has a duty to discharge.  
 (Goes up and down one aisle, collecting;  
 then returns to the desk, looks in his hat  
 and recites again.)

Now since you laugh, as well you may,  
 At this my hat so very small,  
 You'd blush with shame if I should say  
 You had not filled it after all.  
 I s'pose big folks like you must know  
 Far better than a man like me,  
 That all your little pennies go  
 In grown-up ships across the sea.

Yet listen, while a tale I tell  
 About the children far away,  
 Who never heard a Sabbath bell,  
 Or learned to keep God's holy day;  
 Oh! send them teachers kind and true,  
 To point them to the loving Lord;  
 And do as you would have them do,  
 And you will have a rich reward;

For Jesus says that inasmuch  
 As these, my little ones, you've blest,  
 For me you've done it; these are such  
 I gather to my loving breast.  
 With my small hat I've done my best,  
 And only pennies here I mind;

(Carries it to some larger boy, bows to  
 him and to the audience, and takes his  
 seat, while the other finishes the collection)

I wish big folks, you'd do the rest,  
 Perhaps some dollars you might find!

—*M. L. H.*

# GIVE.

Give as you would if an angel  
 Awaited your gift at the door,  
 Give as you would if tomorrow  
 Found you where waiting was o'er;  
 Give as you would to the Master,  
 If you met His searching look;  
 Give as you would of your substance,  
 If His hand your offering took.

—*Selected.*

# A NEW VERSION.

"Sing a song of sixpence,"  
 A pocket full of dimes;  
 Shall I spend them on myself  
 To help me have good times?  
 Not while so many girls and boys  
 In this and heathen lands  
 Have no chance to hear of Christ  
 And learn the King's commands.  
 I think I'll give for missions  
 At least one dime in ten.  
 Then if, our friends, you're lacking  
 Just call on me again.

—*Selected.*

# BABY'S PENNY.

I am but a penny, from a baby's hands;  
 Can I bear glad tidings over many lands!  
 Baby's love goes with me, so her penny's  
 blest;  
 God's love, joined with baby's, will do all  
 the rest.

—*Selected.*

# SUCH AS I HAVE.

Such as I have! It is so very small  
 That I am even tempted to withhold,  
 Because it is not houses or fair lands,  
 Or talents of fine gold.  
 Such as I have! I have no wit, no words;  
 I cannot speak with angels' glowing  
 tongue,  
 I cannot sing Thy praise in lofty strains,  
 As some of old have sung.  
 Such as I have I bring Thee, O my Lord—  
 Thou who didst give thyself to rescue me;  
 Remembering that gift, can I withhold  
 Such as I have from Thee?

—*Selected.*



## FOR TINY TOTS.

### LITTLE HELPERS.

Little helpers! What a title!  
How it strengthens, how it cheers!  
Many an older worker, weary,  
Full of cares and full of fears.  
Long they've labored, till the shadows  
Gather round their lengthened day;  
Still they linger, hoping, looking,  
For some help along the way.  
Lo! 'tis coming, sound the signal,  
"Little Helpers," o'er the land,  
Till all pealing notes are stealing  
From each little mission band.  
"We are coming, firm and steady,  
Though our hands be weak and small;  
We are coming, all are ready  
For the Master's urgent call.  
"For, when here on earth, he blessed us,  
Bid us come to him in love:  
So we'd early learn to serve him,  
And we'd reign with him above.  
"We are coming with our pennies,  
And the pennies make the dimes,  
And our dimes will grow to dollars,—  
Can't you hear their silvery chimes?  
We are coming, older workers,  
Make our cause your earnest care.  
We are coming: 'Saviour, help us,'  
Be from all our *banded* prayer."

—*Abbie K. Hilton.*

### SAD.

She forgot to come to the meeting  
Of her own dear mission band,  
But remembered to go down street  
For candy, I understand.  
She forgot to put the pennies—  
For she told me so herself—  
Pennies for heathen children  
In the mite box on the shelf.  
She forgot to ask God's blessing  
On the missionaries, too;  
If you had so poor a mem'ry,  
O pray, what would you do?

—*Selected.*

### GOING TO MISSIONARY MEETING.

#### FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

We thought we would go to the meeting  
'Cause mamma's so bothered to-day;  
That funny old lady that's calling  
Must have something 'portant to say.  
So while they were talking and talking,  
We put on our warm winter wraps;  
I took this soft muff and umbrella.  
I thought we might need them perhaps.  
But baby's got tired and left me,  
Don't know as I'd better keep on;  
I s'pose they are hunting and calling  
To see where the children have gone.  
I guess though, I'll go now I've started,  
And carry my pennies so bright;  
For mamma would say, if she knew it,  
"My little girl's doing just right."  
She says that not only the big folks,  
But all of the little ones, too,  
Can help tell the lost ones 'bout Jesus;  
I'll do all I can, wouldn't you?

—*A. S. H.*

### MISSIONARY NUTS.

"I'm going nutting," said Johnnie.  
And said Jane, "I'm going too.  
And with all the nuts I gather,  
This is the thing I'll do:  
I shall sell them all for money,  
And every penny bright  
Will be for the little helpers  
To send the gospel light."  
So the nuts are falling, falling,  
On the grass and on the rocks,  
And the pennies dropping, dropping  
In the missionary box.  
And the gospel light is shining  
In the darkness far away,  
And the children both are happy  
In their work and in their play.

—*Missionary Dayspring.*

## LITTLE HELPERS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"I will be a little helper,"  
Lisps the brook.

On its silvery way it goes,  
Never stopping for repose,  
Till it turns the busy mill,  
In some nook.

"I will be a little helper,"  
Smiles the flower,  
By the wayside, in the field,  
All its beauty is revealed  
Unto sad and weary hearts,  
Though skies lower.

"I will be a little helper,"  
Sings the bird.  
And it carols forth a song,  
Though the cheerless day be long,  
Bringing to some helpless one  
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper,  
Child so fair!  
And your kindly deeds can make,  
For the heavenly Father's sake,  
Sunshine, love and happiness  
Everywhere!

### SIX YEARS OLD.

The children all, both great and small,  
Flock hither, hand in hand,—  
None too little, none too tall,  
To join the Mission Band.

Big brother John and sister Kate,—  
They're twelve or more, I'm told,  
Then George is ten and Maud is eight,  
And I'm your "six year old."

If other boys and girls should know  
What the missionaries do,  
I'm sure I'm big enough to go  
And hear about it too.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And when the money box goes round,  
I drop my pennies in.  
No boy or girl will e'er be found  
Too little to begin.

So George and Maud and Kate and John  
They always lend a hand,  
And help me put my bonnet on  
To join the Mission Band:

—*J. W. Weddell in "The Missionary Messenger."*

## MISSION SHIPS.

"The mission ships are sailing  
Across the waters blue,  
To tell the sweet old story,  
The story ever new;  
To carry to the heathen,  
So far across the sea,  
The news of that dear Saviour  
Who died for you and me.

"Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar."  
—*Selected.*

Just to shine for Jesus, everywhere;  
This, O blessed Saviour, is my prayer.

## CHILDREN'S DAY.

"I've learned to put together  
The figures on my slate;  
The teacher calls it 'adding,'  
And I like it first-rate.

"There's one queer thing about it—  
Whenever you get ten,  
You have to 'carry one,' she says,  
And then begin again.

"That's what we do with pennies:  
When I have ten, you see;

• I 'carry one' to Jesus,  
Who's done so much for me."

—*The Child's Gem.*

## MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Boy Blue come blow your horn  
To waken the world at the break of the  
dawn!  
Off on the hills there are many sheep  
In darkness and danger fast asleep.  
The light is for them as well as for you.  
So hasten and waken them, Little Boy  
Blue.

—*Over Sea and Land.*

# MISCELLANEOUS.

## MRS. RED SQUIRREL.

Mrs. Red Squirrel sat on the top of a tree:  
"I believe in the habit of saving," said  
she;

"If it were not for that, in the cold winter  
weather

I should starve, and my young ones, I  
know altogether;

But I am teaching my children to run and  
lay up

Every acorn as soon as it drops from its cup  
And to get out the corn from the shocks in  
the field—

There's a nice hollow tree where I keep it  
concealed.

"We have laid up some wheat, and some  
barley and rye,

And some very nice pumpkin-seeds I have  
put by:

Best of all, we have gathered in all that  
we could

Of beechnuts and butternuts grown in the  
wood;

For cold days and hard times winter surely  
will bring,

And a habit of saving's an excellent thing.

"But my children—you know how young  
squirrels like play,

'We have plenty, great plenty, already,'  
they say,

'We are tired of bringing in food for our  
store;

Let us have a frolic, and gather no more!  
But I tell them it's pleasant when winter  
is rough,

If we feel both to use and to *give* we've  
enough;

And they'll find ere the butternuts bloom  
in the spring,

That a habit of saving's an excellent  
thing."

—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

## HOME MISSIONS.

God bless the heathen on fair China's  
strand!

God bless our laborers in that distant land!  
Our love goes with them o'er the ocean's  
foam;

But, O, there is need for us to stay at home.

We'll go into the highways here and there;  
We'll draw our people from sin's dreadful  
snare;

For we shall find, wherever we may roam,  
The blindest heathen are our own at home.

There's work to do for Jesus all around—  
To sow the seed and till the barren ground;  
We'll send our Bibles o'er the ocean's  
foam;

But we must work for Jesus here at home.

—*Selected.*

## TWENTIETH CENTURY HENS.

BY E. L. D.

"Cut-cut-ca-dacket!" Miss Biddy, the hen,  
Darted out of the barnyard door,  
Saying plainly: "'Tis high time the 'Mis-  
sion Flock' met

In the hay on the barnyard floor."

"Cut-cut-ca-dacket!" and straightway a  
rush

Was made for the fragrant hay,  
And then they proceeded to cast up ac-  
counts

In a very business-like way.

"Cut-cut-ca-dacket! I've four eggs laid."

"For shame! Why, I have six."

"You both are lazy, I counted eight

In my nest," said a hen named Trix.

"Cut-cut-ca-dacket!" the numbers grew  
fast,

Till at last there were sixty-eight.

To be scratched in the minutes and duly  
set down

To be sent to missions straight.

"Cut-cut-ca-dacket!" the President said,  
"Quite good, but we'll do all we can  
To make our next meeting show quite an  
increase

On this Twentieth Century Plan!"

—*Kind Words.*

## A LITTLE HEART AND HOW IT GREW.

BY REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN.

'Twas a wee little heart when it entered  
the world,

For how could a baby have anything  
big?

There was room for the baby himself and  
his wants.

But as for all else—why, he cared not a  
fig!

If the baby was hungry, he knew it right  
well,

If he felt very poorly, he fretted and  
cried;

But the dear little heart was too little you  
see

To know or to care for the great world  
outside,

But the little heart grew as the days  
rolled by,

In the sunshine of love and the showers  
of care;

And the dear ones at home all so quietly  
crept

Right into the heart and were welcomed  
there.

And yet there was room for them all and  
to spare,

So quickly the heart of the baby grew,

And soon in his heart he had friends by  
the score,

That he loved with a love that was loyal  
and true.

And the baby grew big, and so tall and  
so wise,

He could scarcely be known as a baby  
at all;

And he heard the sweet story of Him  
who, of old,

Was cradled to rest with the beasts of  
the stall;

The children's best friend, and their  
Saviour and King,

The dear loving Shepherd, who died for  
the sheep;

And down in his heart there was room for  
the Christ,

And a love that was trustful and tender  
and deep.

And yet even more did this little heart  
grow,

In knowledge and love, and in heavenly  
grace;

For the heart that loves Jesus is certain  
to grow,

Till it takes the wide world in its loving  
embrace.

Ye children who read of this dear little  
heart,

How quickly and sweetly and grandly  
it grew,

Come, answer a question, consider it well—

How big is the heart God has given  
to you?

## LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

Gather the children, mother,

The little heads close to your knee

In the hush of the beautiful twilight,

And talk to them tenderly.

When the bright eyes grow tired and  
restless

And gaze at you wistfully,

And the sweet lips beg for a story,

Then gather them close to your knee

Tell them a story, mother—

But tell them no olden tale

Of knights, that rode through the forest

To search for the Holy Grail;

Or bearded and bronzed Crusader,

Who fought in the Holy Wars,

His face towards the Holy City

And scarred with the battle scars.

Not always tell them of heroes

Who died for a nation's weal,

And opened a path to freedom

At sword-point of burnish steel:

Navarre's white plume in the battle,

Or peasant maid of Lorraine—

Not these be the theme of your story

When the daylight begins to wane.

\* \* \* \* \*

But when through the beautiful twilight  
The first ray of starlight beams,  
And the children gather around you  
To tell you their beautiful dreams  
Of a wonderful grown-up future,  
O'erflowing with valorous deeds,  
Then tell them the story of missions—  
Of our world, and its pitiful needs.

Tell them—nor valor or riches  
Have ever the soul sufficed,  
Nor the wisdom of all the sages  
Like a life that is given to Christ.  
To "take up the white man's burden"  
Through loneliness, pain or loss.  
Where the star of the Northland gleameth  
Or burneth the Southern Cross.

Not long will your little ones linger,  
So talk to them while you may;  
A world may be better to-morrow  
For the story you're telling to-day.  
So tell them the story of missions,  
For the child-heart is tender and true,  
And not all the teachers and preachers  
Can guide them, oh! mother, like you.  
—*Eva Paine Kitchel in Woman's Work  
for Woman.*

## BREAD FOR THE HUNGRY.

THEODOSIA R. CLEVELAND.

There comes a host, they stand at our door;  
They call and knock, and their need is sore—  
They call for succor; to *us* they cry—  
They hunger and thirst—shall we let them  
die?

They come from north, with its icy breath,  
From forest and jungle, where lurketh death;  
From East and West they come, they come  
To find in this land of plenty a home.

They thirst for water, they famish for bread!  
They are our brothers—they must be fed!  
Can we turn away and close our ears,  
Nor be moved to pity—nor melt to tears?

There are souls that are starving for bread  
of life,  
There are hearts with anger and malice rife,  
There are weary and stricken and desolate  
ones  
With no Father in God—no hope in His Son.

There are sin-stained garments to be  
washed white,  
There are deeds done in darkness, not  
bearing the light,  
There are feet that are straying the down-  
ward road  
To be guided and helped, up to truth and  
to God.

Christian women and children by Jesus  
made free,  
To us it is given—to you and to me,  
To give of our treasures—not counting our  
store,  
For in giving we are getting, and gathering  
more.

Give pity and love—the love of the Cross,  
Give money and labor; not counting it loss,  
Give prayer evermore that the needy may be  
Most bountifully fed, dear Savior by Thee—  
*By Thee, and through me.*

## LITTLE WORKERS.

We are workers for the Master,  
Willingly to him we bring  
Hearts and hands to do him service,  
While our lips his praises sing.  
Little workers, happy workers—  
Willing workers for our King.

There are lands where heathen darkness  
Falls without one cheering ray;  
Where they bow in idol worship  
To their gods of wood and clay.  
Little workers, happy workers—  
Send to them the Light of day.

There are sheep that far have wandered  
From the pastures green and fair,  
Out upon sin's gloomy desert,  
Over rock and mountain bare.  
Little workers, happy workers—  
Lead them to the Shepherd's care.

Let us then be up and doing—  
Serving Jesus while we may;  
Sending light to souls in darkness,  
Seeking lost sheep gone astray.  
Little workers, happy workers,  
Be our motto, "Work and pray."

—*Sue M. Caldwell.*

# EXERCISES.



HELLO! HELLO!

Hello, little Indian Maiden,  
Away in the far-off West,  
I wish I could clasp your slim brown hand  
And touch your embroidered vest.

Do you get very sad and lonesome?  
And wear little moccasin shoes,  
Out in the woods do you play all day,  
And do whatever you choose?

Do they put your hair up in papers  
To make it curl at night?  
Do you know any fairy stories  
Of brownies and pixies bright?



Hello, little fair-faced maiden,  
In the East so far away,  
Indian children have work to do,  
And cannot always play.

If only you'd come to see me,  
I'd tell you some stories queer,  
Of the ways of the wood and the river,  
The ways of the fish and the deer.

But better than any other  
Is a story I have heard;  
It was told by a white-faced brother;  
He said 'twas the Father's word—

That all white-faced and brown-faced children  
Were made by the Father above.  
So you are my own little sister;  
Will you not give me your love?  
—*Anna Pierpont Siviter, in Our Children*

## THE CHILDREN'S MESSAGE.

I've been thinking, little sisters, if a  
heathen child should be  
Hither brought from some lone islet in the  
far-off southern sea,  
And should ask why summer garlands deck  
our house this wintry day,  
Why we seem so glad and happy, Annie,  
dear, what would you say?  
I would tell the lovely story of the Babe of  
Bethlehem;  
How they laid him in the manger, when by  
night he came to them;  
I would tell how Mary dressed him, and,  
with soft and fragrant hay,  
I think the manger-bed she made, where  
baby Jesus lay.

I would tell that gentle shepherds, watch-  
ing o'er their flocks by night,  
Saw, suddenly around them, the shining  
glory-light,  
And heard the angel's tidings about a Sav-  
iour's birth.  
And then the heavenly chorus, "Good will  
and peace on earth."  
I'd tell the wondrous story about the guid-  
ing star,  
That led the holy wise men from eastern  
lands afar,  
Until they found sweet Mary and Jesus-  
child with her,  
And gave him precious presents—gold,  
frankincense, and myrrh.

Then I would tell how Jesus, this little,  
blessed child  
Grew up to perfect manhood, holy, pure,  
and undefiled;  
How, living, serving, dying, himself for  
us he gave—  
He loved us so he lived and died, our souls  
from sin to save.

—*M. B. C. Slade.*

## REPORT OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BEING A RECORD OF FACTS.

*All.* Of the happy workers,  
Youngest ones are we;  
That we're *very* little  
Any one can see.  
P'raps you think our help, too,  
Must be also small;  
But we're sure it's better  
Far than none at all.  
Would you know the many  
Things we've learned to do?  
Listen and the secret  
We will tell to you.

1. I made lots of stitches  
In a patchwork square—  
Hardest work I ever  
Did, too, I declare.
2. I can't sew, but grandma  
Holders made for me;  
These I sold, to carry  
Help where need may be.
3. I shelled beans for Jesus,  
(Papa said I might);  
So my little fingers  
Made a shilling bright.
4. My mamma, to help me,  
Bottled up some ink;  
I've sold seventy cent's worth!  
Now, what do you think?
5. Out of auntie's pansies,  
I've picked every weed,  
And she's going to give me  
All I'll sell of seed.
6. I can 'muse the baby  
When he wants to play.  
Many a shining penny  
I have made this way.

7. Sometimes I run errands  
Over cross the street;  
Earn my mission money  
Helping older feet.

*All.* So you see, though little,  
We've found work to do,  
When we said we helped some,  
Don't you think 'twas true?  
*L. A. H. Butler, in Missionary Helper.*

## WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR OTHERS?

(A Missionary exercise, requiring  
six scholars.)

*First Child—*

What would you do if you had bread,—  
Yes, plenty of bread to spare.—  
And some poor children, ready to starve,  
Should ask for a little share?

*All (chorus)—*

We would give, gladly give, unto those in  
need,  
And the poor and the hungry would haste  
to feed.

*Second Child—*

What would you do if in your hand  
You carried a healing cup,  
And all around you the sick and sad  
In pitiful pain looked up?

*All (chorus)—*

We would give, gladly give, unto those in  
need,  
If the sick and the suffering for help  
should plead.

*Third Child—*

What would you do if you were rich,  
And if you were strong and wise,  
While others near you were weak and  
poor  
With no one to help them rise?

*All (chorus)—*

We would give, gladly give, unto those in  
need,  
We would help all the lowly, the weak  
would lead.

*Fourth Child—*

What *will* you do? for you *have* bread,—  
The bread of life,—and to spare.  
There are millions who need what you  
have now;  
How much for them do you care?

*Fifth Child—*

What will you do? You have each a  
chance,  
Though not very rich or great.  
There are heathen at home and heathen  
abroad;  
For what you can give they wait.

*Sixth Child—*

What will you do? Will you give what  
you have

And do what you can to-day?

What will you do? for they die so fast.

You must not, dare not, delay.

*All (chorus)—*

We will give, freely give, unto those in  
need.

The command of the Saviour we'll gladly  
heed.

The six then repeat in concert: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

—*Julia H. Johnston, in Westminster Quarterly.*

### THE PLEA OF THE NATIONS.

[The following exercises may be given by children in the costumes of the various nations, if desired.]

#### JAPAN.

Across the sea, full many a mile,  
From far Japan's sea-girded isle,  
I come, O Christian friends, to plead  
My country's dire and urgent need;  
Teach us to tear our idols down,  
And give unto your God the crown.

#### CHINA.

I come from China. Dark and deep  
Pacific's rolling billows sweep  
Twixt your fair land and mine, where  
now  
Unnumbered millions blindly bow,  
And prayers are poured and vows are paid  
To gods which their own hands have made.

#### INDIA.

I come from India's ancient land,  
Her forests, vales and mountains grand  
With idol temples are defiled;  
The air is rent with mourning wild,  
And suffering women live and die  
In hopeless, hapless misery.

#### PERSIA.

From Persia's sunny vales I come.  
No longer may our lips be dumb!  
The days and years are fleeting by,  
And we in heathen darkness die.  
Oh, haste the bread of life to give,  
That Persia too may eat and live!

#### SYRIA.

From Syria's sacred shores I come—  
The land your Saviour called his own;

Yet where his holy feet once trod  
They know not of the living God!  
O Christian people! heed our call;  
Teach us of Him who died for all.

#### AFRICA.

From Afric's darkened shores am I;  
Hark! hear ye not that mournful cry?  
There human blood is daily shed,  
And living souls are as the dead.  
Oh, haste and help to free our land  
From Error's dread, despotic hand.

#### CENTRAL AMERICA.

Not from the distant Orient I;  
Our land lies 'neath your own fair sky,  
Yet Central America has needs,  
And earnestly, O Christian, pleads  
For help to break the chains that bind,  
And Life's immortal way to find.

#### NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

This noble land I call my home,  
And free its hills and mountain's roam.  
But I have heard the white man pray,  
And seek to know the living way.  
Oh, come and teach the Indian brave,  
How your Great Spirit waits to save.

#### MEXICO.

From Mexico's hill-girded shores  
I come a suppliant, to your doors.  
Haste, with the Spirit's flaming sword;  
Haste, in the name of Christ the Lord,  
And help our fettered land to flee  
From Rome's dark craft and tyranny.

—*Selected.*

### FIVE LITTLE HEATHEN MAIDS.

(Together sing or recite. Tune—"Three Little Maids from School," in "Mikado.")

Five little heathen maids are we,  
Just as sad as maids can be,  
As you will ev'ry one agree  
When our stories are told.

We have come from over the sea  
To view this land so fair and free,  
And for our own make just one plea—  
Pray—deem us not too bold.

#### JAPANESE GIRL.

My home, kind friends, is, if you please,  
Among the high-born Japanese;  
The land where, first, the Orb of Day  
Reveals Himself in bright array.

But where, alas! the shades of sin  
Refuse to let God's sunshine in.  
Oh, will you not remove the blight  
That wraps our souls in garb of night?

CHINESE GIRL.

A glance at these poor bandaged feet  
With which my friends I'm forced to meet,  
Will tell the story of my birth  
And emphasize the Gospel's worth.  
But for old China, o'er the sea,  
There still awaits a destiny—  
And if God's children fail to guide,  
The heathen's curse will *them* betide.

BURMAN GIRL.

Christian women and Christian men  
Behold in me, a low Karen;  
My people are both true and kind  
But lack en-light-en-ment of mind.  
Eager are they for Truth and Light  
Which makes your land so fair and bright.  
Oh, can you not a little spare.  
In answer to our humble pray'r?

INDIAN GIRL.

Not many Christian girls, I ween,  
Are wives and widows at thirteen;  
But such has been my awful fate,  
And sad the story I relate.  
Little to wear and less to eat,  
We scarcely dare to walk the street.  
Good Christian friends so blest and brave,  
Will you not India try to save?

AFRICAN GIRL.

Though last, not least in point of need  
Is Africa, for which I plead.  
The one great boon our dark land craves,  
Is freedom for her wretched slaves.  
Freedom from man, freedom from sin,  
Freedom a new life to begin.  
O you, who are from bondage free,  
Please help us gain *our* lib-er-ty.

(Together, as before:)

Five little heathen maids are we,  
Just as sad as maids can be,  
As you must ev'ry one agree,  
Now our stories are told.  
Pray, give to us the Golden Key  
That will un-lock Heav'n's Treasury;  
And happy ever-more we'll be—  
Why longer it with-hold?  
—Mrs. W. M. Gray, Chanute, Kans.

HOW TO SAVE THE WORLD.

1. (Small globe for illustration.)

This is the earth, 'Tis many years  
Since God created it, they say;  
But now, as then, 'tis "very good,"  
It turns, and gives us night and day;  
Moves round the sun, and seasons change,  
While rain and sunshine bring us food.  
The only trouble with the earth  
Is that *the people are not good*.

2. (With Bible.)

I have a book which tells the way  
That God would have the people live.  
If every one would keep his rules,  
If every one some help would give,  
I think the old earth would be bright,  
And every soul be happy, too.  
I wish that all the people had  
This blessed Word of God, don't you?

3. (With Cross.)

And with the Bible comes this cross;  
For Jesus' love it always stands;  
'Twould take the place of idols false  
In all the far-off heathen lands,  
Mahommed's crescent flag would fall,  
And Buddha's gloomy temples, too.  
I wish the world could see the cross  
And love the living Christ. Don't you?

4. (With Bell.)

Where Bibles and the cross are seen,  
Church bells begin to swing and ring,  
The gospel's story sounds abroad,  
And children learn to pray and sing.  
Then school bells peal through every land,  
Lessons are learned both old and new.  
I'd like to make the glad bells ring  
All round the earth, now wouldn't you?  
(Rings bell softly.)

5.

The world need not be dark and cold,  
For God's Word teaches what is right.  
The cross was lifted once for *all*,  
That all might worship in its light.  
And bells will ring when joy comes in,  
When God helps people to be true.  
Who'll help the better day to dawn?  
We four will help. Won't all of you?

---

"Have you lifted the lamp for others,  
That has guided your own glad feet?  
Have you echoed the loving message,  
That seemed to you so sweet?"

## THE MISSIONARY HYMN.

### RECITATION.

"Now let us sing," the preacher said,  
And as the book he lifted,  
Across the patient, care-worn face  
A bright expression drifted.  
Stood listening the forest trees,  
Around that cabin lowly,  
Halted the wolf and snuffed the breeze  
On which came faintly, slowly,—  
(*Choir sing, "From Greenland's icy," etc.*)

"Now let us sing," and at the word  
From prairie pulpit uttered,  
Like rustling leaves before a shower  
The white-winged pages fluttered.  
Then burst the hymn; the long grass waved.  
The grouse stirred in its cover;  
Still stood the deer with head erect,  
Up sprang the startled plover.  
(*Choir,—"What tho' the spicy," etc.*)

"Now let us sing;" the city throng  
Crowding around the preacher,  
The tale of heathen weal and woe.  
Had heard from earnest teacher.  
The breath of organ, chant of choir,  
In grand reverberation,  
Shook transept, nave, and vaulted roof,  
With fervent deprecation.  
(*Choir,—"Shall we whose souls," etc.*)

Where'er is heard our English tongue,  
From continent to ocean,  
The wondrous hymn, those burning lines,  
Are sung with deep emotion.  
From distant isles, from China seas,  
Resolve and courage bringing;  
From Saxon, Indian, African,  
To-day the words are ringing,—  
(*Choir,—"Waft, waft, ye winds," etc.*)

O lyric grand! thy noble words,  
All noble deeds suggesting,  
Have ever stirred the Christian heart,  
To work and toil unresting,  
And till the Church's fight is fought,  
Thine utterances glorious,  
A battle-cry, a trumpet-call,  
Shall lead the host victorious.

NOTE.—Let the choir sing softly, out of sight, if possible.

## THE LITTLE GIRLS' MISSION- CIRCLE.

We're a band of little children,  
It's little we can do;  
But we love the name of Jesus.  
And don't you love Him, too?

If you love Him, won't you help us  
To send the joyful news  
To the little heathen children?  
Oh, yes, you can't refuse!

It's money that we want to raise.  
Because you all must know,  
If you cannot *pay the postage*  
Your letters never go.

So we cannot send the Gospel  
Across the ocean wide,  
Unless we have the money  
Its *postage* to provide.

We're a band of little workers,  
Mission Circle \* is our name;  
Come help us tell of Jesus' love,  
And spread abroad his fame.

W. K. Dennis.

\* Change to any special name.

### WAITING.

"Dark millions on the other side  
Wait for the children's story:  
The Bibles earned by little hands  
Will bring them harvest glory.

"O boys and girls, work on, work on!  
Into the Father's keeping  
Give all your best and richest store,  
Until the time of reaping."

—Selected.

### AFRICA.

All thy realms in midnight shrouded,  
Crushed beneath oppression's weight,  
Are thy sons by spoilers rifled,  
Victim of a bitter fate.

Land of sorrow!  
Drear thou wert, and desolate.  
But the curtain now is lifting  
From thy mountains and thy lakes;  
O'er thy peopled valleys gleaming.  
Now for thee the day beam wakes.

Land of darkness!  
O'er thy hills the morning breaks.

—Samuel Wolcott.

## OUR OWN.

FIRST VOICE:—Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger. (John vi: 35.)

SECOND VOICE:—What if your own were starving, fainting with famine, pain,  
And yet to know where golden grow  
Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you hear their wail,  
As a thrice-told tale, and turn to your feast again?

THIRD VOICE:—Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. (John vii: 37; iv: 14.)

FOURTH VOICE:—What if your own were thirsting, and never a drop could gain,  
And you could tell where a sparkling well  
Poured forth melodious rain? Would you turn aside  
While they gasped and died, and leave them to their pain.

FIFTH VOICE:—Then Jesus, spake unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. (John viii: 12.)

SIXTH VOICE:—What if your own were darkened, without one cheering ray,  
And you alone could show where shone  
The pure, sweet light of day? Would you leave them there  
In their dark despair, and sing on your sunlit way?

SEVENTH VOICE:—Jesus saith unto them, I am the way. . . . No man cometh unto the Father but by me. (John iv: 6.)

EIGHTH VOICE:—What if your own were wand'ring far in a trackless maze,  
And you could show them where to go,  
Along your pleasant ways? Would your heart be light  
Till the pathway right, was plain before their gaze?

NINTH VOICE:—Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. (John vii i 32-36.)

TENTH VOICE:—What if your own were prisoned, far in a hostile land,  
And the only key to set them free  
Held in your safe command? Would you breathe free air  
While they stifled there, and wait and hold your hand?

ALL.—Yet what else are we doing, dear ones by Christ made free,  
If we will not tell what we know so well  
To those who in bondage be, who have scarcely heard  
One tender word of the lamb of Calvary?

"They are not *our own*," you answer; "they are neither kith nor kin."  
They are *God's own*, His love alone  
Can save them from their sin. They are Christ's own;  
He left his throne and died, their souls to win.

—Mrs. L. G. McVean in *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

[We have made two slight changes in one stanza, to adapt this beautiful recitation to Home as well as Foreign Missions. We hope it will be learned and recited in every one of our Mission Bands, and bear much fruit in opening the eyes of many to the work to be done.]



# SONGS.



## A HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY LAURA WADE RICE.

(Tune: "My Country, 'tis of thee.")

Here in this glorious land,  
Firmly we take our stand

Great Son of God.

Battle right valiantly

Till hosts of evil flee,

Grant us the victory,

Strong Son of God.

Here where our fathers came

Seeking in thy great name,

Blest Son of God,

Freedom to worship thee,

Oh, may all men be free,

Free from sin's slavery,

Pure Son of God.

Fortresses may we raise

Founded by love and praise,

Strong Son of God,

Kept by a chosen band,

Sworn to obey command,

Led by their Captain's hand,

Great Son of God!

And if our lives we give.

Dying that men may live.

Risen Son of God,

Heaven's gates will open wide

And at the Conqueror's side

We will for aye abide.

Crown'd Son of God.

—*Selected.*

## GO WORK.

Tune: "I want to be an angel."

I want to be a gleaner,

And with the reapers stand;

For all the grain so golden

Is ripe on every hand.

The harvest now is plenteous,

With laborers but few;

But there is some work always

That little hands can do.

I'll take a cup of water,

Or run on errands small,

To cheer the reapers onward,—

The Master needs it all.

Then, while the morning's fresh and  
sweet,

I will my work begin;

And with my busy hands and feet

A sure reward I'll win.

And, while the sheaves they gather,

I'll glean the scattered grain,

That when the day is ended

I may follow home the train.

—*Selected.*

## LITTLE GIVERS' MARCHING SONG.

(Tune: "Onward, Christian soldiers.")

Here we come with gladness,

Marching as we sing,

Willing offerings bringing

Unto Christ our King.

Though we cannot see Him,

Yet our Master dear,

Smiling, waits and watches

O'er the mite-chest here.

*Refrain.*—Coming, coming, coming,

Willing gifts to bring;

Serving, praying, giving,

Honors Christ, our King.

(Repeat softly after last stanza.)

Hark! the pennies dropping

As we march and sing!

Some of us have earned them

Working for our King,

Running little errands,

Working cheerfully,

Giving self for others,

Blessed charity!

Coming, etc.,

Here are silver pieces,

Dimes and quarters too;

Blessed work for Jesus

Boys and girls may do.

Loving hearts, and loyal,

Gladly undertake

Many a self-denial

For the Master's sake.

Coming, etc.

Now, O heavenly Father,  
 These our off'rings take;  
 Bless the gifts and givers,  
 All for Jesus' sake.  
 Thus we'll spread the story  
 "Jesus died for me."  
 Unto Him the glory  
 Evermore shall be.  
 Coming, etc.

—*Missionary Messenger.*

# HOME MISSION HYMN.

(Tune, "Nearer, My God, to Thee.")

Jesus, our gracious Lord,  
 We come to Thee,  
 And for our land we plead,  
 Thine let it be;  
 O send the truth abroad,  
 Thou glorious Son of God,  
 Where'er man's foot hath trod,  
 From sea to sea.  
 O let Thy kingdom spread  
 Our broad land o'er;  
 From lakes to southern gulf,  
 Where surges roar;  
 And may the distant West  
 With Thine own peace be blessed.  
 To where the wave's white crest,  
 Breaks on the shore.  
 And when these fleeting years  
 Are all gone by;  
 When earth and sea shall burn,  
 And fade away;  
 Our coming Thou shalt greet,  
 As, at Thy pierced feet,  
 A ransomed world shall meet,  
 No more to die.

—*Selected.*

# THE CHILDREN'S CONSECRATION HYMN.

"Just as I am," Thine own to be,  
 Friend of the young, who lovest me,  
 To consecrate myself to thee,  
 O Jesus Christ, I come.  
 In the glad morning of my day,  
 My life to give, my vows to pay,  
 With no reserve, and no delay,  
 With all my heart I come.  
 I would live ever in the light,  
 I would work ever for the right,  
 I would serve Thee with all my might,  
 Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong, and free,  
 To be the best that I can be  
 For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
 Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,  
 Success and joy to make me bold;  
 But dearer still my faith to hold,  
 For my whole life, I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,  
 And then to take my victor's crown,  
 And at thy feet to cast it down,  
 O Master, Lord, I come.

—*Selected.*

# MISSION BAND HYMNS, NO. 3.

(Tune: "Hark, ten thousand harps and voices.")

Jesus, hail! the King of glory!  
 Earth rejoices in thy sway:  
 Heathen nations hear thy story,  
 Heathen darkness yields to-day.  
 Every idol falls before thee,  
 Seeks the night from whence it came,  
 While ten thousand souls adore thee,  
 Trophies of thy saving name.  
 Zion, wake and hail the morning;  
 Zion, rise and greet thy King;  
 Like the birds, in this glad dawning,  
 Lift thy voice and joyful sing.  
 Sing, till Jesus' worthy praises  
 Sound in every palmy grove,  
 Till each jungle's tangled mazes  
 Echo with his matchless love.

—*Little Helpers.*

# MISSION BAND HYMNS, No. 4.

(Tune, "Must Jesus bear the Cross alone?")

God's glorious day will surely come,  
 E'en now the hour makes haste:  
 The dry land gleams with water-brooks,  
 And blooms the barren waste.  
 Upon the distant mountain tops,  
 The watchmen lift their voice:  
 The islands 'mid the far-off seas  
 Have heard them, and rejoice.  
 The nations leave their broken gods,  
 And hasten to proclaim  
 Immanuel, the Prince of Peace,  
 And bless his saving name.  
 How blest the eyes that shall behold  
 That glory promised long;  
 How blest the ears that glad shall hear  
 That earth-encircling song!



*Woman's Baptist Home Mission*

*\* \* Society \* \**

*2411 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

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